W YORK-BY MARIE STUDHOLME. WHAT IS WRONG WITH NE

THE "American Girl in London" is always a very important personage, and greatly in evidence. She We Don't Know How to Make Teagoes to England, takes a hop, skip and a jump about London, visits the Tower, Westminster Abbey and St. Paul's, and then, if she doesn't marry a Lord or something, returns home to tell her people, both by word of mouth and in print, just what she thinks of us benighted Britishers. Or, possibly, she will write in the British papers themselves her opinion of England, its people and its institutions. She com-

pliments us on our good points, reproves us for our bad ones, and suggests methods by which we may improve ourselves and appear a little more "up-to-date," as she expresses it.

Now, why shouldn't an English girl take the same privilege—that is, tell you Americans what she thinks of you? So far as I am aware, no English girl has had the audacity to rush into American print under the headline "What I think of New York." So I have decided that, in order to counterbalance the influence of "The American Girl in London," who never hesitates to give us her opinion of us, I will give the readers of the Journal the impressions of an English girl in New York.

Now, please don't begin at once to arrange that chip on your shoulder, surmising that I am bound to knock it off! I haven't anything very dreadful to say to you. I consider that New York is a thoroughly nice place, and New York people just as nice as New York itself. In fact, if I were not an English girl, I should

OUR SHOPS BEAT LONDON.

About the first thing I did when I got to New York was to go out shopping, and when I had been through the wonderful "stores," as you call them, on Broadway, Sixth avenue and Twenty-third street, I could not help wondering why in the world you New York women want to go over to London and Paris to hay your fracks and bounets. You are all complaining so hard about this Mr. Dingley, who makes you pay on your srunkfuls of pretty things; but do you know that I haven't any particular sympathy with you

Why, there are not in all Paris and London such beautiful shops as you have here in New York! Such beauty, such daintiness, such originality, such style as you Americans have here in your own shops are not to be found in any other city in the world. And the prices of things! You think you can buy things so much cheaper in London and Paris than in New York? So far as my experience goes, I am inclined to think you are very much mistaken. I have found that I can buy quite as cheaply in New York as in London, taking the quality of the goods and the make of the garments into consideration, and the style—I am bound to admit, loyal English woman that I am—Is far superior to the style that I get in London! I don't pretend to know anything about your politics, or your Dingley bill, but it seems to me that Mr. Dingley's object is to make you American women appreciate your own dressmakers and milliners and shops, his effort is a praise-

Why, in London I go into a shop on Bond street and buy what I think is a love of a hat, and when I get outside I see another girl-perhaps two girls-going by wearing a hat precisely like the one I have purchased, and then I am made unhappy for a month or two; but in New York I buy a hat or a coat and I don't find everybody else, or even anybody else, wearing its counterpart. Your shops in their styles are more exclusive than ones, and the designers, having, perhaps, more originality, don't manufacture a dozen of the same style of things—that is, I mean, of course, in the high grade and high priced goods. So, instead of the New York Woman going to London to shop, it would be far more sensible for the English woman to come to New York to shop, and in our free trade England, she would have no duty to pay.

AMERICANS CAN'T MAKE TEA.

Having complimented you on your shops, I now feel at liberty to do a little criticising. Why, ch, why, do not you New York women learn how to make tea—tea of the beautiful amber color and the delicious flavor that we have in "Merric England?" Your coffee is most appetizing, but your tea is atrocious. Then, again, why are you so inhospitable to your afternoon callers as not to offer them a cup of tea when they pay you a visit? A cap of tea, even though it be not so good as our English tea, would, at least, show your kindly and hospitable feeling toward your visitors. In London one of our most delightful and most firmly established institutions is our 5 o'clock tea. We have it whether or not we receive visitors, and when callers come we always offer them a cup of tea and a slice of thin bread and butter to refresh them.

In New York I call on a charming and vivacious woman. I spend an hour in her company. She talks most entertainingly to me; more entertainingly, perhaps, than an English hostess would do. But more than all her brilliancy I want a cup of tea. Yet she never offers it to me. During an afternoon call in London the "stupidity" of our conversation is relieved by the clatter of the silver and china, and then the tea does so refresh us! Brilliant conversation is all very well in its way, but as for me and my countrywomen we would rather have tea than brilliancy. In London, when we go to the shop to have our dresses fitted,

we would rather have tea than brilliancy. In London, when we go to the shop to have our dresses fitted, when our feet grow weary from standing upon them during the fitting and draping, the fitter always offers us a cup of tea to refresh and rest us. Indeed, if she did not serve that tea we would never

perhaps our English beef and mutton and potatoes and squash, cooked plain and butterless, are the best in

What a large number of dyspeptic people you have here!

I have sat down to many bountifully spread tables, and heard my next neighbor lament that he was obliged to pass by certain good things because of his digestive apparatus being out of order. So, after all,

We Have Shocking Bicycle Girls-We Have Badly Dressed Men-We Haven't Good Complexions-We Are Very Dyspeptic-



Miss Studholme's Latest Photograph. BY W. & D. DOWNEY, LONDON.

has got it eating "foreign things

SMALL FEET, BUT NOT GOOD COMPLEXIONS.

What do I think of your men and your women? I know that is one of the questions I am expected to answer in these, my "impressions." Well, your women are pretty, but have not such good complexions as my countrywomen. Your women are stylish, far more stylish than the London women. They know how to put their gowns right side up; that is, I mean they know how to dress. They have a way of putting on their clothes, even without the services of a maid, that gives them chic and style. There are not so many dowdy New Yorkers as dowdy Londoners. Yes, your American woman knows how to dress herself, but she does not know how to comb her hair, to my way of thinking. Her hair, when arranged, lacks the soft, wavy, carcless appearance of her English cousin's. It is too straight and stiff, and has altogether too many wavy, careiess appearance of her singless cousins. It is no straight and still, and has altogether too many halrpins and sidecombs in it. The New York woman has small! hands—smaller than ours; and her feet are usually smaller and more daintily clad than the typical Englishwoman's feet. You know, we make of our feet the use for which the Greator intended them. We walk on them! We walk for miles and miles. Such delightful jaunts! While your New York women walk so little.

Before I came to New York I had heard a great deal about the superior goodness of the American woman. From what I have seen of the New York woman I would say superiority consists more in the mat-

SLY WOMEN, CIGARETTES AND COCKTAILS. When she wants a cocktail or a brandy and soda in a restaurant, she orders it in a tea cup with a spoon and saucer. Yes, she does, for a New York hotel waiter has told me so.

Now, when a London woman wants a whiskey or a cocktail, she drinks it boldly out of a glass, and

doesn't care who knows it.

doesn't care who knows it.

Talk about American independence of woman! This tea cup cocktail would not seem to indicate independence! And then, she smokes cigareties, oh! so very slyly! She wouldn't have her husband or her brother or her sweetheart know it for the world! She wouldn't even have her women friends know it. The other day an American actress I know was smoking in her bedroom. She confided to me that she wouldn't have any of the other girls in the company know about it for worlds. The other girls in the company were smoking, too, and each one wouldn't have the others know it on any account.

I said that the New York women knew how to dress and make themselves altogether "fetching." Ordinarily their taste in dress is irreproachable. When they drive in the Central Park their gowns are superly but there is a time when they don't know how to dress properly, according to my British standard, and that is when they ride a bicycle. Then, though they may still look stylish and chic, they also look indecent! We English girls, you know, wear our tycling skirts to our ankles, sometimes even below them, while New York women go cycling in hallet costumes! The first time I went cycling in the Park I actually got dazed and bewildered when I saw the procession of short-petilcoated women pass by me, while the short-skirted ones looked at us Galety girls in our ankle-deep skirts and smiled. One of them actually giggled and whispered to a young man, "See the country jays!"

AMERICAN MEN NOT SO WELL DRESSED AS LONDONERS.

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Now, as to the New York man, I think he has been too much lauded. Not that he has any glaring faults, but certainly it seems to me that he is no more gallant, polite or courteous to women than the typical London gentleman. One hears a great deal about the gallantry and courtesy of the American man, The strong he were far the superior of the Englishman. This is not the case. I cannot ace where the New York wan outdoes the London man in politeness and courteousness. Does he not allow the New York woman to stand in the street cars and hang, at the risk of her life, on to straps, when the car conductor sings out "Hold fast"—that is, unless the woman is particularly young and striking looking? I have seen old ladies standing in your cable cars while young "gentlemen" sat, and I don't believe such a thing would be possible in London, although I must aid that our underground railways and our street busses are never allowed to be crowded, so that nobody is allowed to stand-a British custom which you New Yorkers would do well to imitate.

In the matter of dress, the New York man does not come up to the standard set by the New York wo man. The New York woman dresses better than the London woman, but the London man dresses better than the New York man. I cannot exactly explain in what particular part or parts of the New York man's costume the New York man. I cannot exactly explain in what particular part of parts of the New York man's costume the trouble lies, whether in his trousers, his walsteast, his hat or his necktie. It is the tout ensemble that I criticise. The New York man when he walks on Brondway looks not nearly so well-groomed and utterly immaculate as the Englishman who goes along Piccadilly. Even when the New York man gots his clothes in London and pays the Dingley duty on them for the sake of wearing a suit from a London thilor, he does not look so well when he puts it on as does the typical Englishman. Perhaps we English may take this as one of the compensations in life. Our women do not dress so well as your women, but our men dress better than your men.

In the matter of paying compliments and saying the soft and silly nothings to women, the New York man outshines the London man, but the New Yorker's compliments are very easily seen through. When he says a thing that is merely pretty, which he does not mean, it is so easy to detect it. But the Englishman when he pays a compliment is far more subtle. Determine, I pray, you American woman, whether or not he means what he says to you, that is, if he does not wish you to know.

MARIE STUDHOLME.

CRAZY THINGS PEOPLE ARE DOING ON BICYCLES AROUND THE COUNTRY.

